

LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

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LETTER

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

DEAR ALICE—Though I fear my sketch of our journey may not be quite so interesting to you as I from my happy recollections of it might hope, I will go on with it. I should have mentioned in my last that our new made friend kept his promise and came to meet us at the Mount Crawford House. We welcomed him most cordially. He and the young men ascended Mount Washington together; they met with no adventures, and did not, I think, find it quite so difficult as they expected and would have liked. I should have mentioned also that we met with some very pleasant people besides him, whom we shall never forget. This is one of the very pleasant things in travelling; you meet people in a way to bring out their best traits of character. The true lovers of nature, the benevolent, the cheerful souls, on a journey show themselves directly, and the common bond

of humanity, the oneness of the human family is soon felt and joyfully recognized by such people. True, you meet with those who are altogether wanting in these qualities, who think the world is made only for them ; but after all they are the minority, and we ought to pity and forgive them, for surely they have their reward as they go on their gloomy way of miserable discontent with themselves and with those who are so unfortunate as to come in contact with them : nothing is more foolish than to be angry with them.

We stayed one fortnight at Crawford House, and then went to the Notch House. This is but a few steps from the Notch, and a short walk from the silver cascade. The stream so called is one of the sources of the Saco river. It bursts directly out from the bosom of the mountain, from a height of some hundred feet, I should think. It comes leaping down from its rocky height, stopping on its way and forming little granite basins of pure water, perhaps fifteen feet in diameter and about three deep, just fit for bathing in. Seen at a distance, it looks as if it took but one leap, and the rock is so dark that it flows over, and the water so clear, that it receives the name of the silver cascade from its extreme whiteness. While we were at the Notch, we had a very pleasant washing frolic, which I think you would have enjoyed. We could not get our clothes washed, and the gentlemen had neither clean pantaloons nor socks ; there was no way of getting them washed, and to wear them without washing would not do ; so we resolved to take their soiled clothes to the silver cascade and wash them in one of these beautiful mountain wash-bowls. But as we ladies were not more accustomed to washing

than were the gentlemen, we stipulated that they should help wash their own clothes. Two very pleasant ladies joined us, and the brother of one of them. So, forming a party of seven, each furnished with a piece of soap, and the gentlemen carrying the bundle of clothes, we set out for the silver cascade. We shoved up our sleeves, turned up our nice dresses, washerwoman fashion, and scrubbed away. We made an amusing show, all sitting round like so many frogs, laughing and singing at our work. A gay, fashionable looking party came to look at the cascade, and laughed heartily at us, but we laughed too, and went on with our washing. It was rather funny seeing a young man washing one leg of his pantaloons while a young lady was washing the other. Others of the party were rubbing away on socks or shirts. After getting all the dirt out with the soap, we would hold the clothes under the fall, and never were clothes rinsed more beautifully. We dried them on the rocks and bushes, and folded and smoothed and pressed them so nicely as to make them look as if they were mangled.

There was a fine piano at Tom Crawford's, and a room where any one so disposed might sing and dance, and many a merry song, many a good dance the young folks had while we were there. The mountain air is so exhilarating that it is impossible to resist its effects. The young, especially, are like the birds, — they must sing from the fulness of their joy; and the old, it seems to me, may find their happiness in sympathizing with them. At any rate, I cannot help it; I do rejoice with them that rejoice, and should do so, I am sure, even if the great Teacher had not bidden me so to do. Nothing is

more contagious than a good laugh when it is the result of innocent merriment. I bless Heaven it is so. Many a heart would have been broken but for the thoughtless gaiety of the young that has put a new life into it.

One of our pleasures every evening at the Notch House, was listening to the echo. One of Mr. Crawford's men blew the long tin horn which they kept for this purpose remarkably well, and it was a great pleasure to listen to the sound as it was sent back from one hill after another, near and far away—each one giving a fainter and fainter sound till the last was like a musical whisper or a sweet, distant, just audible sigh of the spirit of the mountain.

The company was very agreeable at the Notch House. We passed there a very agreeable rainy Sunday. Delightful people from New York, Washington, Cincinnati, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and I know not but from other States, formed our party. We all agreed to talk, or read, or sing, or lounge in our rooms, just as we were disposed during the day, and in the evening there was a religious service, and some good sacred music.

The next day a party of twenty-seven went up the mountain. The horses and the dresses of their riders were of the most fantastic and various character and color. They looked very picturesque winding their way up the steep, narrow path on the side of the mountain, after crossing the little log bridge over the source of the Saco, for here is its source, and it is almost small enough to be held back by a strong man's hands. We remained one week at Tom Crawford's, and then went to Carroll, where is an excellent house, kept by Mr. Robert Tuttle, called the Carroll House. The drive from Crawford to

Carroll is very beautiful. You are now on the other side of the mountain, and the road is through woods on the banks of the Amonoosuck. Of course the streams flow in an opposite direction. Carroll House is on the river side, and would be very pleasant if it had trees round it. But never were landlord and lady more obliging and agreeable. Fresh trout at every meal, and raspberries and cream, and good bread and butter and milk, and good rooms to sleep in, await you here.

Here the young men went to a deer hunt; one of the party saw a deer, and they all saw their tracks, but they returned with no trophies save a large quantity of mud and a grand appetite. The woods around here have many deer and bears in them. We saw a young bear alive, that was chained at Crawford House; and an old one at Littleton, that had been just killed. He was a formidable looking fellow, measuring six feet in length. His conquerors gave us an animated account of the battle. It seems Bruin was so incautious as to venture out of the deep forest into a small wood in search of sheep of which he is very fond. Some men perceived his mistake, and called out all the neighbors, men, women and boys, to aid in his capture. They made fires all round the wood, and then formed themselves into a ring round it. As soon as the poor beast attempted to get out between the fires, some one threw stones and screamed at him so as to frighten him back. The women and children did their full part. At last, in this way narrowing his circle, they drove him to the place where the marksmen with muskets had been stationed, who shot him. His huge paws I examined closely, and the idea of a hug from him was frightful.

A very respectable gentleman whom we met in the stage, told us a bear story worth relating to you ; and as it confirmed what they had told me in the mountains, I was particularly pleased with it. This was that domestic animals, particularly cows, will defend their human friends when in danger from wild beasts.

But to the sheriff's story, for such I found he was. He said a girl of 17 or 18 went into the woods with her little sister, to bring home the cows. In order at one time to avoid treading among the high bushes, she walked upon a fallen tree. In stepping off the end of it as she supposed into the bushes, she trod upon a bear. With a growl, he arose and took her in his huge arms. She and her sister screamed ; upon this the cows turned, and seeing her situation, ran at the bear and hooked him till they forced him to let her go and defend himself. They had a stout battle with him till they drove him away into the woods. The gentleman told me that he knew the family, and that the poor girl had never been well since. The pressure of this frightful hug had injured her chest. The cows came home all bloody from the scratches they received from the bear's long nails. The courage and strength the little girl showed must not be forgotten. When the bear dropped her sister she fell on the ground insensible, on one side of the log ; the child contrived to push or lift her up so as to get her over on the other side, out of the way of the bear, and there she sat by her, till the cows were victorious and her sister so far revived that she could walk home.

The gentleman who told me this story said that he had in his possession a bear's skin that measured eight feet. They are great destroyers of sheep. Mr. Craw-

ford told me he had sometimes lost fifteen sheep in a night by bears.

After passing five days very pleasantly at Carroll, we set out for Franconia, the young men on foot, and we ladies in the stage. There we visited the Flume and the Pool, both very wonderful and beautiful, but no description can do justice to them. If you imagine a granite mountain bursting open from top to bottom, and a stream rushing out from the upper part of the huge crevice and flowing out into the daylight, and then spreading itself out for a quarter of a mile upon a wide granite floor as smooth as if it had been hammered, you will have some idea of it. You walk up to the fall by the side of this stream, which is of course very shallow, as the rock is very level. Now and then there is an inequality, or a rock is in the way, and you are forced to cross the stream, by a rustic bridge, or over stones. I went into the heart of the great mountain rock, the 'mother house' of the stream, as Uhland calls it, and looked up at the narrow streak of sky over my head. There is something very exciting and grand in this place, but it cannot be communicated by words—no one spoke.

The pool is a sublime gigantic granite well; you descend to it by steep banks, so steep that in one place you must use a ladder; this seems also the effect of some strong convulsion of nature; the trees on the banks grow in such a fantastic way,—in one instance a tree was upside down; its roots were in a projection of earth and rock, and the tree hanging down over this strange rocky basin. But the beauty of this spot was beyond all words.

I must not forget Echo Lake, one of the charms of

this place. It is a small lake in the very heart of the mountain. You go there usually in the evening ; it is a half a mile from the house, but from the middle of the pond, where you are rowed in a flat bottomed boat, you hear singing distinctly at the house. A cannon is on the shore, and when it is fired off, you seem to be in the midst of ten thousand pieces of artillery all going off at once. The sound dying away in the far off recesses of the hills is very beautiful. The man's lantern who fired off the cannon, looked as we saw it reflected in the edge of the pond, and sometimes moving about, like a Will o' the wisp. There was not a breath of wind, and where we were we could not hear the crickets, and such a stillness I never knew, between the reports of the cannon and its countless echoes. Presently the man called out, " If you don't want me to fire any more, you can come ashore and *settle* ; it's a quarter of a dollar a time."

This brought us back to the land of reality again, and we went to the shore and *settled*, and then went back to the middle of the pond, and three of the company kept the echoes awake with songs till it was bed time.

I have not spoken of Profile Rock ; you have heard enough of it. The old man of the mountain and his stony face is perfect of his kind. The young men ascended his broad shoulders, and intended to have mounted his nose, but missed their way to it.

We remained two days at Franconia, crossed over to the Connecticut, passed a day or two at Newbury Springs during a storm, and then proceeded to Brattleboro'.

Our pedestrians showed they had gained the use of

their feet, for they did not mind the walk of thirty-one miles from Franconia to Newbury, and when we arrived there, some hours after them, we found them gone to bathe at the spring, and fresh and full of spirits at supper which they found, with us, awaiting their return to the inn.

After the storm was over, we started at seven o'clock in the evening for Brattleboro'. This is the worst possible plan for ladies and invalids. You must have an extra, or you must travel in the night in the mail coach. We had good courage, and the young men determined to go part way with us. I asked why they put us into an open wagon. "The bridges are washed away by the heavy rains, so that a covered coach is not safe," was the reply. "Shall not we be in danger?" I asked. "Not in this wagon."—So we set off. They said we should arrive at Hanover at twelve o'clock, but it was half past two when we got there. It rained the most of the way; we were wet to the skin. The roads were so dangerous that the driver said he should not dare to drive us if we could see where he took us. The main road was impassable, and he had to take us by a bye-road which was just wide enough for the carriage. There was a high hill on one side of us, and a precipice with a roaring stream below on the other, and the branches of the trees hanging so over it that we had to stoop to keep our heads on as we passed under them. It was dark, wet and dismal enough. Cold and dripping, we arrived at Hanover; every body was asleep at the tavern, and every room and every bed we were told were occupied. No fire—no comfort. After awhile the kindness and compassion of two laboring men enabled us to get a

place to change our clothes in, and to lie down on a sofa for one hour, and then we were off again, leaving our young men to follow on foot. One of them had come with us to Hanover, as they would not let us go alone.

At eight o'clock that evening we arrived at our friends' in Brattleboro'. It was to see them that we took this route. All our fatigue and fright, for an awesome night it was to us,—our wetting and shivering cold were all forgotten. Love and kindness can do all things; they make it sunshine every where; the soul and body rest and grow young and fresh under their influence. We were re-created in a moment. What a beautiful word that is!

We arrived on Saturday night, and our pedestrians on Wednesday morning. Pretty dusty, but merry and well, they had been a little short for money, had been refused admittance at one house, and at another had suffered the indignity of having a party of young ladies look out of the windows, and call out to each other, "They're both of them dirty." And they were also charged with the intention of stealing a broomstick, which one of them only intended to purchase for a cane. But on the whole they fared well and had a grand time.

After eight days passed so happily that we lay them all up as white days among the many gloomy ones which all must have known or will know, we said that sad but loving word Farewell, and returned to our home.

And now, my dear Alice, if you are not weary of my journey, I shall be truly grateful to you for your loving patience. Let me conclude with those beautiful lines of Elizabeth Barrett's—

"Go, travel 'mid the hills! The summer's hand
 Hath shaken pleasant freshness o'er them all,
 Go, travel 'mid the hills! There, tuneful streams
 Are touching myriad stops, invisible;
 And winds, and leaves, and birds, and your own thoughts
 (Not the least glad) in wordless chorus, crowd
 Around the thymele* of Nature."

E. L. F.

 THE VILLAGE PUMP.

THE old village pump stands in a pleasant place;
 It is there the roguish boy goes to wash his saucy face;
 And there the little girls go to frolic with the boys,
 And I love their merry giggle, their nonsense and their noise.

Their fathers and their mothers used to go there to play,
 And were quite as fond of fun and of frolicking as they;
 So they need not look so solemn and scold the naughty elves,
 For they cut such silly capers, and they know it, once, them-
 selves.

There young men and maidens go with pitchers and with pails,
 And forgetting what they came for, stop to listen to love tales,
 There the gossips love to prate, and the aged love to muse,
 And there it is the wise ones talk of politics and news.

The old village pump beneath the chesnut tree
 With the vine creeping over it, is very dear to me;
 For there when life was young, and its paths full of flowers,
 With friends that were dearest I have passed some happy hours.

/ E. L. F.

* The central point of the choral movements in the Greek theatre.

THE MERITS OF A PUMP.

WAS there ever in the wide world a little boy or girl who did not like a town pump; and yet a pump is not a very pretty object to look at, with its straight stiff handle like an old fashioned queue, and its nose thrust out like I don't know what. We must however say to the pump what little girls sometimes have said to them, "handsome is that handsome does," and remember that the moment a pump begins to act, it acts well; as soon as its queue begins to work, its nose becomes ornamental, because there gushes from it a clear crystal stream that glistens in the sunlight, and is just the right thing to take the dirt from a little boy's or girl's face and hands, and what is still better to them, it offers them the best of drinks when they are parched with thirst. Besides this, it always wears one shoe, which holds the water that spouts from its nose, and here in this shoe has many a little boy sailed his boat, and fancied while he did so that he was making a voyage of discovery.

Of a hot summer's day is not the town pump the best friend that one can meet with! Could father or mother or brother or sister take the place of such a steady, upright friend as this is, one who is always ready to give just the very thing one wants without asking any questions? The hotter the day the harder he is worked, and bang, bang, goes his handle, spout, spout, goes his nose, and oh how the children love to see the water that

runs from it, and drink it from the hollow of their hands. While the heavy tread of ox or horse, and the "twinkling feet" of children, approach the old pump, he stands immovably fixed, ready to pour out for them his refreshing waters. In the winter season, when every body prepares against the cold he remains the same; he takes the cold and the heat just as they come, and makes no fuss about the winter unless it may be in his handle, when he sends forth some sounds to show that he is not altogether insensible to the fact that the weather has changed. He also takes this time to cultivate a silvery beard about his mouth, his mouth and nose being one and the same thing, for economy's sake.

Let us suppose for a moment that this pump should be able to spout words, as well as water, and could hear all that was said around it for the many years that it has stood, I think it would become town preacher as well as town pump; it might tell many a sad and many a joyous story; it might speak of giving drink to the good and the wicked, to the liar and to the honest, to the selfish and the benevolent, to the patriot who would serve his country, and to the office-seeker who would only serve himself; it could tell of the water it had given to baptize the infant who was pure from the hands of its Maker, and of the poor guilty one who had in the dead of night come to wash from his hands the stains of guilt. If it could speak it might say to the guilty, I am not able to wash away your crimes, seek for the waters of repentance, and then, though your sins be as scarlet they shall become white as snow. If it could speak it would say to the joyous children that come to it, never defile your mouths with dirty words, but let

your hearts, as well as hands, be pure. It would say to the poor who come to assuage their thirst, keep a good heart, and remember that while you take for your drink only the pure water that I can give you, that you will save yourself from the misery of drunkenness, and that poverty with a fair name is better than riches without it. How much this pump might say let those imagine who go to drink from it, and let them reflect that it lies over a well, at the bottom of which lies Truth. S. C. C.

CAROLINE WALLACE.

"He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire."

YOUNG.

"Oh mother! I can never, never be happy again. What shall I do? How shall I live without Susan? She helped me in all my studies. She was the pleasantest girl at play; always inventing something new and interesting; and never cross, or ill-tempered. When the other girls quarrelled, she would laugh, and coax them so sweetly and kindly that they could not help being friends again. Every body loved her; and she seemed to love every body. Old Sally Munson was at the funeral, and cried as if her heart would break. She said, 'How I shall miss the sweet creature. She used to come and read to me, and bring me nice things; but there is nobody left like her!'"

Tears choked the utterance of Caroline Wallace as she finished the last sentence; and throwing herself into her mother's arms, and hiding her face on her shoulder, she

let them flow without restraint. She had that afternoon followed to the grave "the cast off garment" of the spirit she had loved so much; and for the first time gazed upon a soulless body. Unless the impression has been weakened by a too frequent repetition of the sight, a person can hardly fail to recollect, even in advanced years, the shock which the first view of a lifeless friend gave. There is something so different in the marble rigidity of the features, from even the most pallid and reduced living countenance, that we gaze upon it with a mysterious awe; and hardly dare to whisper to our own hearts, what was the union which made such a difference?

Mrs. Wallace was far too wise and kind to administer the common place mixture of consolation and reproof which is often used on such occasions. She did not tell Caroline, that God had taken Susan, and it was her duty to submit without murmuring to his will. That she would soon recover her spirits, and become interested in other things. Nor even did she endeavour to direct her thoughts to a reunion beyond the grave; knowing, that, to one who "feels its life in every limb," it is impossible to make the invisible world a living reality. Time, experience, and the repeated removal of our treasures to that state, are necessary to draw us into that near connexion with it which will bear up the spirit with a cheerful hope in seasons of bereavement. She did not attempt to check the first burst of that uncontrollable grief; but throwing her arms around her child, she pressed her to her bosom, while her own tears mingled with Caroline's.

Tears have been said to be "Heaven's own balm" and

to "purify the heart from whence they spring." They are certainly the greatest relief to the suffering spirit, and produce a peaceful calm, which those whose deeper grief forbids their flow, desire in vain. After half an hour of this mute sympathy, Caroline became more composed. She raised her head from her mother's shoulder, and appeared to be aware of what was passing around her. Her mother then spoke to her in soothing tones, of Susan's entrance into a higher state of existence. Of how her ardent and enquiring mind would grasp at the new sources of knowledge opened to her. Of the glories, which she, always so alive to the magnificent and the beautiful, would be permitted to view. Of the new and extended sphere of action in which she might be placed. When her large heart, without check or hindrance, might embrace worlds, instead of the narrow circle to which her affections had hitherto been confined. Of her, perhaps, passing to remote parts of the universe with messages of love and mercy; and then returning to watch over, and communicate in an imperceptible manner, peace and strength to those whom she had loved on earth.

As Caroline listened, her feelings gradually became calm and elevated; and when she laid her head on her pillow that night, it seemed as if visions of Susan Belmont's happiness were passing before her; and the idea of her own loneliness almost vanished from her mind.

Many such hours are granted to the mourner who sees "the hand of his father amidst the chastenings of his God." But they are too pure, too little like earthly scenes and habits to last. The occupations of life soon claim our attention; and then again return the earthly images of those who cheered and helped us through them.

Then again is the loss of their society and support most deeply felt. Monday morning soon arrived; and with it commenced again the school which Susan Belmont and Caroline Wallace had attended together. The vacation, instead of being a season of uninterrupted enjoyment, as the young friends had anticipated, had been the time of Susan's sickness and death. Caroline's firmness forsook her when she thought of going to school without stopping at Susan's door, that they might pursue their walk together. "Oh mother! how can I go? Can you not teach me at home? Every lesson will remind me of Susan. I shall not be able to think of any thing else." "My dear child," said Mrs. Wallace, "for what qualities did you love Susan? Was it for thinking of her own feelings, and forgetting every thing else? or was it her disinterested and self-forgetful disposition that won your affection?" "Oh mother! how can you ask me? You know she never thought of herself; she loved every body, and cared for every body. She used to say that if she laid plans for her own enjoyment she was sure to be disappointed. But that if she tried to make others happy, happiness came to her without her trying for it." "Did it not give you pleasure when you could in any way please Susan?"

"Oh yes! I never was so happy as when I could do any thing which she liked."

"Should you not be glad if you could even now contribute to her happiness?"

"How can you ask me? she has gone from this world, and I can never do any thing for her again."

"She is removed from our sight; but she may be permitted even now to see what is passing among those she

has left ; and if it is so, would it not gratify her to know that the light of her example had led others on in the path which she trod ? That her pure, disinterested, and self-sacrificing spirit, had shown to them the beauty of those qualities which adorned her character, and inspired them with a desire to imitate them ?”

“ Oh yes ! it would. Do you think it possible that if I do kind acts for others she will know it ?”

“ I think it very possible, and also that a large portion of her enjoyment in heaven may arise from witnessing the good she has done on earth ; and the good she is still doing here by the influence her life will have on all who knew and loved her.”

“ How happy it would make me if I could think that she was looking on, and pleased with what I was doing !”

“ For that purpose it will be necessary to act from a higher principle than a desire to please Susan. Love to God and her fellow beings, was the spring from which her actions flowed. She would rejoice to see these principles acting in your heart, and manifesting themselves in your conduct. Unless they do so, you can never be truly like her.”

“ How can I feel as she did ?”

“ You can think often, as she did, of the Creator of this beautiful universe, and the wonderful body, and still more wonderful spirit of man. You can reflect on his goodness, manifested in his works, and in the revelation which he has given us by his son Jesus. You can think of the high and holy purposes for which He has given us existence ; and the lofty destiny which, if we are true to his teachings, He has prepared for us. Reflections like these will elevate your mind, and warm your heart, and

lead you to love, to obey his will. Do good to your fellow creatures, first, because He has commanded you to ; and you will soon attain that spirit of love which will make it your happiness to seek their welfare. Think of how much you have received from Susan, both in the way of instruction and example. 'Freely you have received.' Give as freely to those who need your aid. Are there none of your schoolmates to whom you can be such a friend as she was to you ?"

"Yes ; there is Mary Leeson ; she is very dull at arithmetic. Susan used to explain to her over and over again. I have told her I wondered how her patience could hold so long. But I will try to do as Susan did, and help her all I can. And little Ann Grey, she always cries unless some of us will walk round her way, because she is afraid to be alone in the street. I will go with her every day. It is not much further. It will not only make her happy, but I shall not then be obliged to go by Mr. Belmont's door, and feel so badly because Susan does not come out and meet me."

"You have forgotten one whose happiness depended very much on Susan."

"Who, Mamma ?"

"Old Sally Munson."

"What ! that disagreeable old woman ? I cannot do any thing for her."

"What does Jesus mean when he says, 'unless you will take up your cross and follow me, you cannot be my disciple' ?"

"I suppose he means unless we will do our duty, however disagreeable it is, we are not his true followers. I will go and see old Sally, Wednesday and Saturday af-

ternoons ; and read to her, and talk with her about Susan ; for that will make her happier than any thing."

"Do so, my daughter ; and depend upon my word, you will soon find the duty grow pleasant."

Caroline was faithful to her resolutions. She tried to be to others what her departed friend had been to her. Her spirits unconsciously revived ; and her ringing laugh was again heard on the play ground. She did not forget Susan ; and a feeling of sadness would sometimes steal over her when she recollected that she should see her no more on earth. But a high and holy hope cheered her on. She felt that she was becoming daily more and more like her, and she looked forward to the time when she should join her in a purer world ; and they should retrace together the steps by which they arrived at that state of character in which alone true happiness consists.

M. H. A.

Newburyport.

THE BEARS OF BERNE.

THE following curious historical facts are translated for our young friends from the Swiss travels of M. Dumas, a work which has already furnished them with several entertaining articles. Should they doubt the interest of the present subject, we can inform them that we have heard it gravely asserted, as a sufficient reason why young people should seek the opportunity of foreign travel, that if they remained at home they might chance to go through life in ignorance of the important fact,

that the bear is the tutelary genius of Berne! With the reason of his being selected to this honour, the following narrative may render them better acquainted, than even a visit to Berne itself.

"On arriving in Berne our first visit was intended for the cathedral, to which two young students offered to conduct us, but after proceeding about fifty paces we stopped before one of those ancient complicated clocks, to the decoration of which a mechanic of the fifteenth century sometimes dedicated his whole life. Our guides smiled. 'It is going to strike,' they said, 'would you like to wait?'

In fact at that moment the cock which surmounted the little belfry flapped his wings, and crowed three times with his automaton voice. At this summons the four evangelists came out of their niches, each in his turn, and with the hammer they held in their hands struck the quarters of the hour on the bell; at the moment of the first stroke a little door situated above the dial-face opened, and a curious procession began to issue forth, which turned round the base of a monument in a semi-circle, and re-entered at a parallel door which closed on the last personage in the train, the instant that the last stroke of the hour sounded.

We had already noticed the species of veneration expressed by the Bernese for bears. On entering the city the previous evening through the Fribourg gate, we had seen the colossal statues of two of these animals defined in the obscurity, holding the same place as the horses broken in by slaves, which stand at the entrance of the Thuilleries. And in the fifty paces we had travelled before reaching the clock, we had passed on the left a

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“On arriving in Berne our first visit was intended for the cathedral, to which two young students offered to conduct us, but after proceeding about fifty paces we stopped before one of those ancient complicated clocks, to the decoration of which a mechanic of the fifteenth century sometimes dedicated his whole life. Our guides smiled. ‘It is going to strike,’ they said, ‘would you like to wait?’

In fact at that moment the cock which surmounted the little belfry flapped his wings, and crowed three times with his automaton voice. At this summons the four evangelists came out of their niches, each in his turn, and with the hammer they held in their hands struck the quarters of the hour on the bell; at the moment of the first stroke a little door situated above the dial-face opened, and a curious procession began to issue forth, which turned round the base of a monument in a semi-circle, and re-entered at a parallel door which closed on the last personage in the train, the instant that the last stroke of the hour sounded.

We had already noticed the species of veneration expressed by the Bernese for bears. On entering the city the previous evening through the Fribourg gate, we had seen the colossal statues of two of these animals defined in the obscurity, holding the same place as the horses broken in by slaves, which stand at the entrance of the Thuilleries. And in the fifty paces we had travelled before reaching the clock, we had passed on the left a

fountain surmounted by a bear, wearing a knight's armour, carrying in his hand a banner, and having at his feet a hedge-hog, standing on his hind feet and dressed like a page, while with the help of his paws he ate a bunch of grapes. We had also passed the *Place des Greniers*, and there we had observed on the sculptured front of the monument, two bears sustaining the arms of the city, like two unicorns in feudal emblazonry. Now we had just seen a procession of bears coming out of the clock, some playing on the clarionette, others on the violin, one on the bass-viol and one on the bag-pipe; in their train others carrying swords at their sides and carabines on their shoulders, gravely marching with banners flying and corporals to close the file. It was amusing enough, it must be confessed, and we had been heartily diverted. Our Bernese, accustomed to this spectacle, laughed at seeing us laugh, and far from being ceremonious, seemed delighted at our gay humour. At length, in a moment's pause, we asked them the meaning of this continual re-production of animals, which had not passed hitherto as models of grace or politeness, and whether the city had any special reason, above their skins and their meat, for prizing them?

They answered us that the bears were the patrons of the city, or rather, correcting themselves and pleading their ignorance of the French language, that they were its godfathers, having an indisputable claim to this title, inasmuch as they had given their own name, Berne, to the city, Boer, pronounced in German *Berr*, meaning bear. Seeing that we desired a farther explanation, the student who spoke French best offered to give it to us on our way to the church, and here is the narrative of our cicerone.

The city of Berne was founded A. D. 1191 by Berthold V. Duke of Zoeringen. Scarcely was it completed, surrounded by walls and shut in by gates, when he became as anxious to find a name for the town which he had just built, as a mother is to find one for her newborn child. Unfortunately it appeared that imagination was no shining faculty in the mind of the noble lord; for being unable to find what he sought, he assembled all the nobility of the environs to a great feast. The entertainment lasted three days, but they had still come to no decision in regard to the christening of the child, when one of the guests proposed to conclude it by holding a great hunt the next day in the surrounding mountains, and giving to the city the name of the first animal that should be killed. This proposal was accepted with acclamation.

The next morning they were in motion by break of day. After an hour's hunting, shouts of victory were heard; the huntsmen ran to the spot from whence they came; one of the duke's archers had just brought down a deer.

Berthold appeared greatly disappointed that the dexterity of one of his people should have been exercised on an animal of this species. He in consequence declared that the name of an animal which was the symbol of cowardice should not be given to his good and well fortified city. The archer's hit was therefore pronounced a failure, and the chase was resumed.

Towards evening the huntsmen fell in with a bear. Thank heaven. Here was an animal whose name would not compromise the honour of the city. The luckless animal was killed without mercy, and bestowed

fountain surmounted by a bear, wearing a knight's armour, carrying in his hand a banner, and having at his feet a hedge-hog, standing on his hind feet and dressed like a page, while with the help of his paws he ate a bunch of grapes. We had also passed the *Place des Greniers*, and there we had observed on the sculptured front of the monument, two bears sustaining the arms of the city, like two unicorns in feudal emblazonry. Now we had just seen a procession of bears coming out of the clock, some playing on the clarionette, others on the violin, one on the bass-viol and one on the bag-pipe; in their train others carrying swords at their sides and carabines on their shoulders, gravely marching with banners flying and corporals to close the file. It was amusing enough, it must be confessed, and we had been heartily diverted. Our Bernese, accustomed to this spectacle, laughed at seeing us laugh, and far from being ceremonious, seemed delighted at our gay humour. At length, in a moment's pause, we asked them the meaning of this continual re-production of animals, which had not passed hitherto as models of grace or politeness, and whether the city had any special reason, above their skins and their meat, for prizing them?

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with his blood a name on the rising capital. Even to this day a stone erected at the distance of a quarter of a league from Berne, near the gate of the cemetery of Muristalden, establishes the authenticity of this etymology by the brief and definite inscription,

‘Here the first bear was taken.’

There was no contradicting such authorities. I gave implicit credence to the history of our student, which only framed the preface to another still more original, which shall come in its place.

It being indifferent to us in what direction we went, provided that we were seeing something new, we followed the multitude, which was repairing to the Promenade of Gugi, the most frequented of any in the environs of the city. A great crowd had assembled before the gate of Aarberg; we inquired the cause of it. ‘The bears’ was the laconic reply. In fact we came to a wall, breast high, around which two or three hundred persons were leaning, as at the gallery of a theatre, occupied in surveying the gambols of four huge bears, which were separated in couples and occupied two splendid pits, kept with the utmost neatness and furnished with slabs like a dining room.

The amusement of the spectators consisted, as in the Garden of Plants at Paris, in throwing apples, pears and cakes, to the occupants of the two pits, save that it was heightened by an additional combination.

The first pear which I saw thrown to the Bernese bruins was swallowed by one of them without any foreign opposition, but it was not so with the second. At the moment when, enticed by his first good fortune, he lazily rose to look for his dessert in the place where it

was dropped, another guest, whose form I could not recognize, so rapid were his movements, issued from a hole wrought in the wall, seized on the pear under the very nose of the confounded bear, and returned to his hiding place amid the applauses of the multitude. A minute afterwards the slender head of a fox showed its lively eyes and black pointed nose at the opening of its hiding place, watching an opportunity to make a new sally at the expense of the master of the mansion, one of the wings of which he appeared to occupy.

This sight inspired me with an inclination to renew the experiment, and I bought some cakes, as the dainty most fitted to excite the natural appetite of both the antagonists. Reynard, who undoubtedly guessed my purpose, when he saw me call the cake woman, fixed his eye and never lost sight of me. When I had obtained a store of viands and had deposited them in my left hand, with the other I took up a little tart and shewed it to Reynard; the rogue slightly nodded his head, as if to say, 'Be easy, I understand perfectly;' he then passed his tongue over his lips, with the confidence of an arch thief, so sure of success that he licks his chops beforehand. It was my purpose however to give him a more troublesome task than his first. The bear, too, on his side had witnessed my preparations with some manifestations of intelligence, and was balancing himself, gracefully sitting on his hind quarters, with eyes fixed, mouth open, and paws extended towards me. During this time the fox, creeping like a cat, had suddenly emerged from his hole, and I now perceived that an accidental cause, rather than the swiftness of his movements, had prevented my discerning to what species of

animals he belonged, at his first appearance; the poor beast had lost his tail.

I threw the cake; the bear followed it with his eyes and placed himself on all fours in order to get it, but at the first step he advanced Reynard vaulted over his back with a leap which he had measured with such precision, that he fell, nose first, on the tart; then making a wide circuit, he described a curve in returning to his kennel. The bear in a fury, bringing at the instant his knowledge of geometry to the aid of his revenge, took the straight line, with an alertness of which I should have supposed him incapable. The fox and he reached the hole almost at the same time, but Reynard had the start of him, and the teeth of the bear gritted together at the opening of the hole just at the moment when the thief disappeared in the interior. I then understood why the poor rascal had no tail.

I repeated the experiment a number of times to the great satisfaction of the curious and of Reynard, who out of four cakes always trapped two.

The bears which occupy the second pit are much younger and smaller. I inquired the reason, and was told that they were to be the successors of the others, and would inherit at their death their place and fortune. This needs an explanation.

We have related how Berne received its name, after being founded by the Duke of Zoeringen, and the part sustained by the bear in its baptism. From that time this animal became the heraldic emblem of the city, and it was resolved not only to place its image in emblazonry over the fountains, on the clocks and the monuments, but to procure living ones besides, which should

be fed and lodged at the expense of the inhabitants. This was no difficult thing; they had only to stretch forth their hands to the mountain and select them. Two young bears were caught and brought to Berne, where through their gracefulness and politeness they soon became objects of idolatry to the citizens.

In the midst of these things a very rich old maid, who had manifested in her declining years a most peculiar affection for these amiable animals, died, leaving no heirs but some quite distant relations. Her will was opened with the usual formalities, in the presence of all concerned. She left an annual income of sixty thousand livres to the bears, and a thousand crowns to a hospital in Berne, for the establishment of a bed, in favour of the members of her family. The heirs endeavoured to break the will, but an official advocate was appointed for the defendants, who being a man of great talent, the innocence of the unfortunate quadrupeds, threatened with the loss of their inheritance, was publicly recognized; the testament was declared to be good and valid, and the legatees were authorized to enter into immediate possession.

This was an easy matter, as the fortune of their benefactress consisted in ready money. The capital of twelve thousand francs composing it was poured into the treasury of Berne, which the government declared to be responsible for the deposit, under orders to appropriate the interest of it to the use of the heirs, who were to be regarded as minors. We may imagine the immense change which took place in the appointments of the latter. Their guardians took a carriage and hotel, gave exquisite dinners in their name, and balls in high style.

As respected their own powers, their keeper assumed the title of valet de chambre, and for beating them used only a rush with a golden head.

Alas ! in human affairs there is no stability. Scarcely had a few generations enjoyed these privileges hitherto unknown to the species, when the French revolution burst forth. Switzerland was too near France not to feel some shocks of that great earthquake, whose revolutionary volcano shook the world ; she attempted however to intercept the military lava which furrowed Europe. The canton of Vaud declares itself independent ; Berne assembled its troops ; victorious at first in the rencontre at Neuneck, it was conquered in the battles of Straubrunn and De Graun, and the conquerors, commanded by Brune and Schaumberg, entered the capital. Three days afterwards the Bernese treasury departed.

Eleven mules laden with gold took the road to Paris ; two among them carried the fortune of the luckless bears who, moderate as they were in their opinions, found themselves comprehended in the list of aristocrats and treated accordingly. The hotel which formed a portion of their property did indeed remain, as the French had been unable to carry it away ; but the trustees appropriated it to themselves, upon the plea afforded by the right of possession, so that this last remnant of their splendor was swept away in the shipwreck of their fortune.

A great example of philosophy was then given by these noble animals ; they showed themselves as dignified in adversity as they had been humble in prosperity, and passed the five revolutionary years which agitated Europe, from 1798 to 1803, respected by all parties.

As soon as Berne was restored to tranquillity, a subscription was opened in behalf of the bears. It amounted to eighty thousand franks; with this sum, so moderate when compared with their former possessions, the city council purchased for them a lot of land worth 2,000 livres a year. The unfortunate animals, after having been millionaires, were now reduced to the simple right of franchise.

Even this small fortune was soon reduced one half by a new accident, though exempt this time from any political disturbance. The pit inhabited by the bears was formerly included in the city and joined the prison walls. One night, a prisoner condemned to death, having succeeded in procuring an iron spike, set himself to punching a hole in the wall; after working two or three hours, he thought he heard one laboring for the same purpose on the opposite side of the wall. This gave him new courage. He supposed that an unfortunate person like himself inhabited the next cell, and if they could come together he trusted that their common escape might be facilitated by sharing the labour. This hope increased in proportion as the business advanced; the concealed labourer worked with an energy which seemed to render him regardless of all precautions; the stones loosened by him rattled loudly; his hard breathing was audible. The malefactor was aware of an increased necessity for redoubling his efforts, since the imprudence of his companion might at any moment betray their escape. Fortunately but little was wanting to complete the breach in the wall. One large stone alone resisted all his efforts when he felt it shaking; five minutes afterwards it rolled out on the opposite side. The freshness

of the outer air reached him, he perceived that the unexpected assistance which he had received had come from abroad; and wishing to lose no time, he considered it to be his duty to pass through the narrow aperture which had been so unexpectedly offered to him. Half way he met one of the bears, who on his part was making every exertion to penetrate into the cell. He had heard the noise made by the prisoner in the interior of the jail, and from the destructive instinct common to his race helped him to the best of his ability.

The condemned man found himself between two straits, the being hung or eaten up; the first was certain, the second probable. He chose the second, which proved successful. The bear, intimidated by the power which man always exercises even over the most ferocious animals, allowed him to escape without doing him any harm.

The jailer on entering the prison the following day found a strange exchange of persons; the bear was lying on the prisoner's straw. Away he ran without giving himself time to shut the door; the bear gravely followed him, and finding all the outlets open, proceeded as far as the street, walking composedly towards the vegetable market. The effect of the appearance of this novel amateur, on the crowd of buyers, may be imagined. In a moment the square was empty, and the visitor could soon select among the fruits and vegetables set forth, those which best suited him. He was not squeamish, and instead of employing his time in regaining the mountain, which no one would probably have prevented his reaching, he feasted at large on the pears and apples, for which, as every one knows, this animal has a great predilection. His gluttony was his ruin.

Two tradesmen whose shops opened on the square devised a means for reconducting the fugitive to his pit. They heated two large nippers nearly red hot, and approaching the marauder on each side at the moment when he was most absorbed in his repast, they vigorously pinched each ear. The bear perceived at the instant of the assault that he was taken; consequently he attempted no resistance, but meekly followed his conductors, protesting only with some feeble cries against the illegality of the means which they had employed for his arrest.

However, lest a similar accident should again happen, and not perhaps terminate a second time in so pacific a manner, the council of Berne decreed that the bears should be transported out of the city, and that two pits should be constructed for them in the ramparts.

It is these two pits which they now inhabit, the construction of which reduced their capital one half, as it cost thirty thousand francs, and in order to raise this sum it was necessary to lay a mortgage on their estate.

As soon as I had consigned these details to my album, I proceeded on my other excursions in the neighborhood of Berne."

L. O.

THE SNAIL AND THE LOBSTER-SHELL.

A FABLE.

ONE day, a foolish little snail
His narrow lodging did bewail.
"My house," said he, "is far too small;
It will not do for me at all.

No room have I to turn and twist ;
I cannot travel as I list,
But, up and down this tirsesome track
Must bear my house upon my back.
I've seen a large and shining shell ;—
(Methinks 'twould suit me passing well !)
A house, as any one may see,
Fit for a brisk young snail like me."

A wise old snail had, every word,
This silly speech of Helix heard.
The pretty horns that graced her head
Reprovingly she brandished ;
Then, in a grave and solemn tone,
She thus began, — " Attend, my son !
On things beyond you be not bent.
With your snug dwelling be content.
Snails better, wiser far than you,
Have lived long lives, and happy too,
Within just such a tiny shell
As that where you disdain to dwell.
Leave yonder grand and brilliant house,
Huge, even for a mole or mouse.
Quit not your own ;—for, if you do it,
I'll bet a cabbage-leaf you'll rue it."

Her counsel sage young Helix heard,
But minded not a single word.
He slowly crept where, empty, lay
A lobster's shell in the pathway.
Without regret, he then withdrew
From warmth, defence, and shelter too :
And quit, for aye, his humble shell,
Within this fine great house to dwell.

That very night a storm arose.
The bleak wind through his dwelling blows ;—

Its spacious chambers, filled with sleet,
Seem not for warmth and comfort meet.
The snow drives in. Benumbed with frost,
Poor Helix mourns the house he's lost.
The counsels of the wise old snail
He slighted, cannot now avail.
Too late he thinks on what she said ;—
The morning finds him cold and dead.

S. S. F.

THE YOUNG DREAMER.

UNCLE WILLIAM sat one evening on the door step of his cottage, and watched his two nieces, Agnes and Edith Ford, as they walked arm in arm to and fro in the garden. At last they stopped, and seemed to be speaking earnestly to each other. "I do wish," said Edith, "that uncle would tell us about aunt Helen this evening, it is such a beautiful, quiet hour." "Let us ask him," said Agnes; so the two girls approached the door, with their earnest request.

"Yes dear children," said uncle William, I will tell you about your aunt Helen's life. It was not a very eventful one, but her story is one you would do well to lay to heart, my little girls." They sat down beside him and their uncle commenced his story.

"Helen May was a beautiful girl of fourteen years, as I first remember her. I shall never forget her dove-like, spiritual eyes, or her gentle, delicate expression. No one saw her but to love her, and the constant love of many friends aided her young heart to keep itself

always warm and pure. Helen had much maturity of thought and conversation, which made her a pleasant companion for older people, and her delicate constitution made her shrink from the active exercises and buoyant sports, that so many of her age delight in. While her young companions jumped the rope, or played graces, or amused themselves in a swing in summer, or slid and coasted in winter, Helen walked directly from school, seated herself in a rocking chair, with a book in hand, in which she was completely absorbed until some one roused her to dinner. At other times, with her lovely head resting on her hand, and her beautiful eyes intently fixed, she was lost in some reverie that even the noisy children around her could not rouse her from.

Now these were *faults*, dear Agnes, said Uncle William, though I dare say you think she had none, because no one ever saw Helen show the slightest ill temper, or heard her make an unamiable remark of any one. When I tell you that the books Helen usually read were of a high order, often the biography of some noble mind, or the life of some saint or martyr, and that her reveries were for the most part castles in the air, in which she herself only enacted the part of saint or martyr, you will wonder at my considering these habits so dangerous to the peace and usefulness of her future life.

When Helen was fourteen her father and mother died, and a widowed sister received the gentle girl into her family, and took her at once to her warm motherly heart. It was not a matter of a moment's consideration to sister Mary, that she must diminish her own personal expenses, to supply her orphan sister with clothes, and that she must rise an hour earlier in the morning, and sit up an

hour later at night, in order to carry out more rigidly the system of economy, which was to make the wants of her already large family come within their limited income. This must also, in some way, be made sufficient to give Helen the same good education she had herself enjoyed, and sister Mary never thought her own comfort any thing in comparison, with such ends as these.

Helen went to school, but she shirked, (as the girls say,) her arithmetic and Latin, and all the studies that were calculated to give strength and method to her mind. Her teachers were however satisfied, for her recitations in ethics and mental philosophy, and her exercises in composition, were always good; she had a great fancy for these.

When school was over Helen read or walked in the woods. The beautiful sunsets made her quiet and thoughtful, and in the clear moonlight evenings her young heart was lifted up with the most glowing aspirations. Indeed her whole soul seemed in harmony with nature.

"What an angel she is," said every loving voice that spoke of Helen. Sister Mary sighed even while she loved to listen to this praise of her darling. And Helen humbly cast down her eyes, for she did not value herself for her beautiful nature, and her lovely face, which were both gifts of God, yet she felt inwardly contented, and at peace, alas, for the illusions, that a dreamy nature is always surrounded by, like so many veils!

One afternoon Helen sat and read "The Life of Lady Russell." Her eye kindled as it passed over page after page, and her face glowed with sympathetic enthusiasm. Sister Mary sat patching and darning an old carpet.

"Helen dear!" said she at last, "uncle is coming this evening, and I want to make his room warm and comfortable for him. He is so old and feeble, and has so little care, that I think he may like to stay all winter, if we make him easy. William and Ned will put up the stove in his room when they come home from school, and if you will take Jemmy and Lizzy out to walk so that they need not be in my way, I think I could put this carpet down in uncle's room before dark."

"Yes, sister!" said Helen, "quite mechanically, for absorbed in Lady Russell's virtues, she had not heard one word that sister Mary had said.

Now sister Mary was one of those people, of whom there are many in the world, who find it much easier to go through all sorts of labors, than to insist on being helped by any one, though they are unspeakably grateful for any assistance cheerfully given. So having cast one glance at Helen, she said to herself, "poor thing, perhaps she's tired," and dragging the heavy carpet after her, she left the room, without Helen's once raising her eyes from her book. In the entry she met Jemmy and Lizzy, who would follow her up stairs. Full of activity and fun, they did not much expedite the putting down of the carpet, one carrying off the hammer, the other the tacks, and hindering their mother in various ways, more because they were too young to know better than from innate love of mischief.

At last, however, the carpet was down, the stove put up, sister Mary had put the children to bed, and with a severe headache she descended to the parlor. "I should not care for myself," said she, as she bathed her aching temples, and Helen, closing her book, remarked

her pale face. "But uncle has so seldom any thing bright happen to him, that I did not want to greet him with a headache."

Helen could not now reproach herself as having any share in her sister's headache, for she did not know, no one does, who passes life in dreamy abstraction, how many opportunities in the outward world, for deeds of love and kindness, are always offered, and as often unconsciously cast aside.

"Sister," said she, after a few moments' silence, "Have you read Lady Russell's life? But no, you can't have read it, you never seem to have any time to read or think!"

"Yes, dear Helen! I do both read and think. A woman's duties are often monotonous and exacting, and life would be a dull service indeed, if she did not sometimes refresh herself from the spiritual fountains of high thoughts. When Jemmy and Lizzy are in bed, I read an hour every evening, and oh my Sundays! they are delightful days of refreshing thought to me. I have read Lady Russell's life and enjoyed it. But do you know, dear Helen, I never feel that a book has done me any good, unless it has either instructed my mind, or opened my heart, so that when I leave it I am more ready to live nobly, and act with more energy. And though, dear Helen, I want all who have more time to read much more than I do, yet I sometimes think that the few volumes I can peruse do remain in my memory longer, and are more a relaxation to me, than if I read thousands of books, and neglected some duty to my family. And my little sister, every one has time to think, at night, at daybreak, and all through the day,

in the numberless little occupations of a woman's life, that employ the hands, and leave the mind free." Helen believed all her sister had said. She even began to feel a secret regret that she had not done more for her sister, to give her that time for relaxation she so much needed inwardly. She thought it would have been a better way to resemble the saints she had read of, than to continue to read and dream. But at this moment uncle Henry arrived, and she had no time to mention her thoughts to sister Mary.

Uncle Henry was an old man, but he had fresh feelings, and a young heart, and a very keen insight into character. He loved his two nieces dearly, the more so, because he had no children, and they were all he had to love. He felt a deep satisfaction in Mary's life and character, which were, he knew, the results of early self-discipline. He loved Helen for her sweetness and gentleness, but he hoped more of her than he now saw. He did *not* think her an angel, like all her other friends, but he meant to do his part towards making her a practical and useful woman, during the few months they were together.

Uncle Henry had a stern conscience. It was for this that Mary felt a strong sympathy with him. She who required so little of others, required every thing of herself, and she felt strengthened for every hard duty by his presence and advice. Now uncle Henry considered it one of his first duties to wake up his dreamy little Helen, as he called her, and he did it pretty often. One day when sister Mary was fitting her eldest son William, to go away from home, and was much hurried to accomplish all her work, Helen sat on the door step si-

lent and thoughtful, watching the light fleecy clouds that were sailing over the blue sky. Uncle Henry startled her with the sudden question, "Helen, do you love your sister?" "Oh uncle, you know I cannot tell how much I love her." "Well, my child, don't look so hurt! I believe you, and that your love for your sister is very sincere *now*, but do you know, Helen, that if you go on, year after year, merely feeling for her in your heart, without expressing it in your actions, or in your care to help her, your love will all fade away? That's my firm belief about love. If it is not an active principle, I would not give two straws for the sentiment." Helen's sensitive conscience was touched.

Another day uncle Henry sat and read loud to sister Mary in the "Life of Howard." Helen forgot her dreaming, as she always did at such times, and listened attentively. "Oh how good he was," said she, "so noble, so self devoted, such a life it is worth while to lead."

"But I tell you," cried her uncle very earnestly, "it was only because he was faithful in little things that such high offices of love were appointed to him. And Helen dear, we can't all be Howards, but we *all* can *do* a great deal, and the mere sympathy with the unfortunate, and admiration of the benevolent souls, who relieve them, is a shame to us, if we are not inspired to imitate them in our humble way. I am quite tired of hearing you express so much sympathy for the Irish children down in those shanties, when you never go to see them or teach them. I don't believe in your love of your sister, till I see you helping her bear all her burdens, and are not content to have her drudging from

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morning till night for all of us. I don't think," continued the old man, getting quite warm and testy, "that we have any right to *say*, that we are interested in any subject, or object, or person, that we are not willing to do something about, or to sacrifice something for, if God has given us strength. It is making ourselves liars in the end, depend upon it!"

Helen sometimes felt her uncle's rough reproofs almost too keenly, for she had a humble, self-accusing conscience, but on the whole, they did her good. She knew that the old man loved her tenderly, and to please him she often tried to recall her absent mind from its wanderings, and to live more in the world about her. But alas! a firmly rooted habit is not easily shaken off; long years of patient effort can alone overcome its force.

Winter passed rapidly away, and Spring with its buds and blossoms came to bid Uncle Henry leave his Mary's comfortable home, and return to his own lonely cottage. The day before he left was Sunday. In the beautiful twilight that succeeded a warm April day, the hour that Helen, and that most people of sentiment delight in, Uncle Henry took her little hand in his, and led her out for a last walk with him. They sat down on a stone, by the little waterfall in the wood, and the old man put his arm affectionately round the young girl, and said, "Now Helen dear! your old uncle has preached you a great many sermons, this long winter, and I dare say you are tired of them, though they were kindly meant. But now I am going to reward you for your patient listening, by a little story before we part. It is not a true one, mind, but one you will do well to remember all your life long."



"Many years ago, there lived in the Catholic countries, no matter where, a monk, in an obscure convent. Now this monk had a wonderful genius for painting, and in the midst of his devotions, the idea haunted him that he could paint a picture of the Transfiguration. So, alone in his little cell, he sat before an easel, and worked day after day over his favorite idea. The forms and faces of Moses and Elias soon shone out from the canvass, with a holy lustre, and the monk looked at his work, with intense satisfaction. And now the time had come, when he should paint his Saviour. But his hands were folded, his brush and pallet were laid aside; he had no conception of his Divine Master, that satisfied him. Night after night witnessed the fervor of his prayers, that he might be enabled to finish his work, but morning came, and found him still unequal to the task. At length he prayed, "Vouchsafe to me, oh Saviour, a vision of thyself, that I may paint in immortal colors thy divine likeness." And lo! the cell was luminous as with a white cloud, and in the midst of it stood the Saviour, his heavenly countenance radiant as with the glory of the Transfiguration. The enraptured monk, in a fervor of grateful adoration, seized his brush and stood before his easel. But at the same instant a knock was heard at the door of his cell, and a mendicant implored his immediate aid for his sick wife and children, who lived at a distance. "Yes, I will go," said the disappointed monk, as he laid down his brush, and bidding a sad farewell to the heavenly vision for which he had so long watched and prayed, he followed him. He staid two hours with the sufferers, and ministered to all their wants; and then, wearied and sad, he slowly returned

to the convent. But when he opened the door of his cell, what was his amazement to find it brilliant, as with the light of the morning, and the form of his Divine Master, still resting upon the white cloud, his look of all embracing love bent upon *him*. The poor monk humbly knelt before him, and expressed his surprise that his Lord should have waited so long for *him*. Then said the Saviour in heavenly tones, 'Hadst thou staid, I had fled.' "

"Oh uncle!" said Helen, raising her tearful eyes to his face, when the legend was finished, "I understand, I believe, all you would teach me. The Saviour leaves us, when we merely love to think of him, but do not do as he bade us, when he said, 'Feed my lambs.' And Love leaves our hearts when we do not show it in our lives."

"And the power of real refreshing thought leaves our minds," said her uncle, "when we waste them in reverie, instead of refreshing them by action."

The golden sun had sunk to rest behind the mountains, giving promise of a bright morrow, when Helen and her uncle took their quiet way home, each heart deeply touched by the thought that they were soon to part. It is the glorious privilege of the good that either in the partings of life or death, they leave to each other rich legacies of noble thoughts and actions that cannot be taken away.

Many good and religious persons can trace their growth in real holiness to some particular hour or circumstance in their lives, when their hearts were touched as with the immediate presence of the spirit of God. With quite as many there is no remembrance of any such deep impression.

But from this evening, this last hallowed Sabbath with her uncle, Helen felt a new stimulus for action, and later in life she often referred to it. Her time was no longer her own, her thoughts were no longer her own, she felt herself the child of a kind Heavenly Father, who had bestowed existence upon her for nobler ends than to waste it in dreams, however spiritual and beautiful they might be.

Six years from this memorable winter Sister Mary's beautiful earthly mission was accomplished. Uncle Henry survived her but a year, but that was long enough for him to see his highest wish accomplished. His Helen, with her whole soul in the work, and all her active powers given to it, was taking care of her sister's children, and educating them as she would have done. The old man died blessing her. He had no property to leave her, but he left her what was of far more value, a strength of spirit to live and toil for herself and others. Helen had many accomplishments, and she now determined to make use of the one which would be most valuable to the children. William and Ned had entered college, and the greater part of their mother's small income was necessary for them. Jemmy and Lizzy were now her own peculiar care, and for their sakes she gave music lessons through the day, and practised in the evening. Before her sister's death, it had been her delight to improvise on the harp or piano, to catch inspiration for the next day's toil, by the delicious tones she loved to create. But now these hours of melody were rarely hers. If she said to herself, "Ah, I will take a few hours for this enjoyment, which fills my whole soul with such blissful thoughts," the next moment she re-

membered her duties, and repeating to herself these words, "Hadst thou staid, I had fled," while a beautiful smile at the memory of her uncle overspread her face, she went forth to that most trying of all drudgeries for a sensitive musical ear, the giving of lessons.

Year after year found her still at her labors, and young girls, (whose proficiency in music gave pleasure to many friends,) bore grateful testimony to her patient labors. Helen grew old, and the world said she had lost her beauty. But, said uncle William, (in a husky voice, and wiping the tears from his aged eyes,) there are those who only see in the outward form and face a type of the inward spirit, and to such she was always beautiful. The almost ethereal delicacy of her youthful beauty had indeed passed away, and grey hairs had displaced her brown locks, or as Longfellow has beautifully expressed it, "There appeared and spread faint streaks of grey o'er her forehead, dawn of another life that broke o'er her earthly horizon, as in the eastern sky, the first faint streaks of the morning." The expression of an absent mind, a sort of rapt enthusiasm, which had characterized her face in early youth, had passed away, and a look of calm strength and ever present sympathy had taken its place. "You know, my children," said uncle William, with emotion, that your aunt Helen had just passed her sixtieth birth-day, when God took her to himself, and you know how deeply she was lamented. In her last illness a kind friend read to her the "Life of Elizabeth Fry." She heard it with the same enthusiasm with which, in early youth, she had always listened to any history of noble virtue. "It is, perhaps," said she, "for such labors as these, for such a glorious



mission as hers, that I am appointed in the world to which I go. And I believe truly that the reward of doing our duty here, however humble the sphere of it, is, that in heaven we shall be appointed to more extended duties, and diviner labors. Father, I thank thee, that for such a mission thou hast fitted me, not by a life of sublime contemplation, but by a succession of necessary efforts.

## VACATION;

### OR, LIGHT AND SHADOW.

HERBERT and Arthur spent the month of August very happily in the country. They played out of doors most of the time, and gathered berries and flowers. One day, when walking with their father and brother Ernest, they found in a blackberry bush a bird's nest, with three little eggs in it. They could hardly run home fast enough to tell their mother about it; and every day they went to see it. One day they found, as uncle said, "the eggs turned into three little birds." They were funny looking things, without any feathers, and with very large mouths. Very soon, however, their feathers grew, and they were much prettier. Sometimes the children carried out their wheelbarrows and little spades, and dug in the dirt with Frank Willard. They enjoyed this extremely, and though they came in very dirty, their mother did not mind it much, for she wanted them to grow strong and healthy, and the dirt could easily be

washed off. They always came to be washed and dressed for dinner, and at night they had a fine bath before going to bed. The pleasantest thing they did, however, was going to the barn at night to see the milking. There was a cunning little calf there, and they were never tired of telling what a beauty it was, and would often visit it several times a day.

One delightful Sunday morning they went with their father and mother and brother Ernest to take a walk. Herbert and Arthur gambolled on before, and Arthur kept running back with his hands full of "beautiful flowers." Indeed, every thing was beautiful to Arthur; he admired every little leaf and stone and bilt of moss; and was continually bringing his little basket home full of wonders. Well, on they walked, till they came to a pleasant wood, and there, under the thick branches, they sat upon the rocks and repeated their Sunday hymns, and their father read to them some of Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose." Then they went home, and were dressed for church, and all went together. Arthur, being only four years old, had not often been to church. He was delighted with going, and sat quite still, on the whole; though he played with his mother's sunshade part of the time, and once looked at Herbert and laughed. Herbert was two years older, and sat as still and looked as grave as his big brother Ernest. The little boys did not go in the afternoon, but their mother read to them, and they wrote in their Sunday books. Herbert could copy a few lines of a hymn, but Arthur only scribbled and drew pictures. After church they went to walk with Gertrude, the German girl, who took them to the burying ground, where they

walked about and gathered flowers. Presently the bell tolled, and the children stared with wondering eyes to see a funeral procession enter. It was the funeral of a child, and they saw the little coffin lowered into the grave. They talked a great deal about it when they went home, and their mother told them it was only the *body* of the little boy that was put into the ground; his *spirit* was well and beautiful, and living with the angels in heaven.

They little thought then, that the next day poor Gertrude would be taken sick. But so it was, and she never walked with them again. She could not sit in the carriage, out in the chaise house, with Herbert, any more, as she used to do, knitting and teaching him German words; nor could she walk through the quiet lanes with Arthur, and pick his basket full of moss and flowers. She was confined to her bed, and suffered much pain. The doctor came every day. Her friends came from Boston to see her, and the German priest came too, which was a great comfort to her. She was a good girl, faithful and honest, and when well, was often reading her books of devotion; and though her religion was different from that of the little boys' parents, yet they felt that she was sincere, and loved God with all her heart. At length, when they thought her getting better, she suddenly grew worse, and died. Her friends carried her body to Boston, and she was buried from her own church. The little boys' father and mother went to the funeral, and though the prayers and ceremonies seemed very strange to them, they could respect the religious faith of others, and truly believed that Gertrude's soul had passed in peace, and was now dwelling with her Father in Heaven.

Arthur did not like coming home to the city. He cried when he rode over the pavements, and wished he could get back to the country and play with Frank. However, when he had been at home for a day or two, he liked it better, and very soon grew as happy in his own home as he had been when playing in the dirt at H. One day, he was not very well, and he asked his mother several times, whether she thought he should die as Gertrude did. He said he could not understand how the soul went out of the body. His mother told him we could none of us understand very well about it; we only know that God takes care of the soul, and keeps it always alive, even while the body dies. At night, when he said his little prayer, he asked God to make him "a *well*, and good and happy boy." The next morning, when he came into his mother's room, he said "he felt better; he had asked God to make him well, and he did." In a few days he was quite well again, and now runs about and plays as happy as a bird. But he often talks about Gertrude, and asks whether her soul is well now, and whether "God lets her pick flowers in Heaven."

D. F. A.

CHINESE AGRICULTURE.—If there be one thing that the genius of this extraordinary people has brought nearer to perfection than another, it is the cultivation of the soil. The economy of their agriculture is beautiful; the whole country presents the appearance of one continued garden; no large commons starving a few miserable horses, nor parks and chases laid waste for the special purpose of breeding rabbits, are to be met with; the land is meant to feed and cloth the people.—*Forbes' China.*